colles newelp Imprinted.



Caroll of the byzth of Chapst

Duernatus est hodie.

A woman a mayo in thought & ocede a farget with even myght no man lee with her agin paps her babe did tede Buck natus est hodie.

The cipildes name is called Jesus Gabipel lapde it Mulde so be

Joye we togother and sping we thus with natus est hodie.

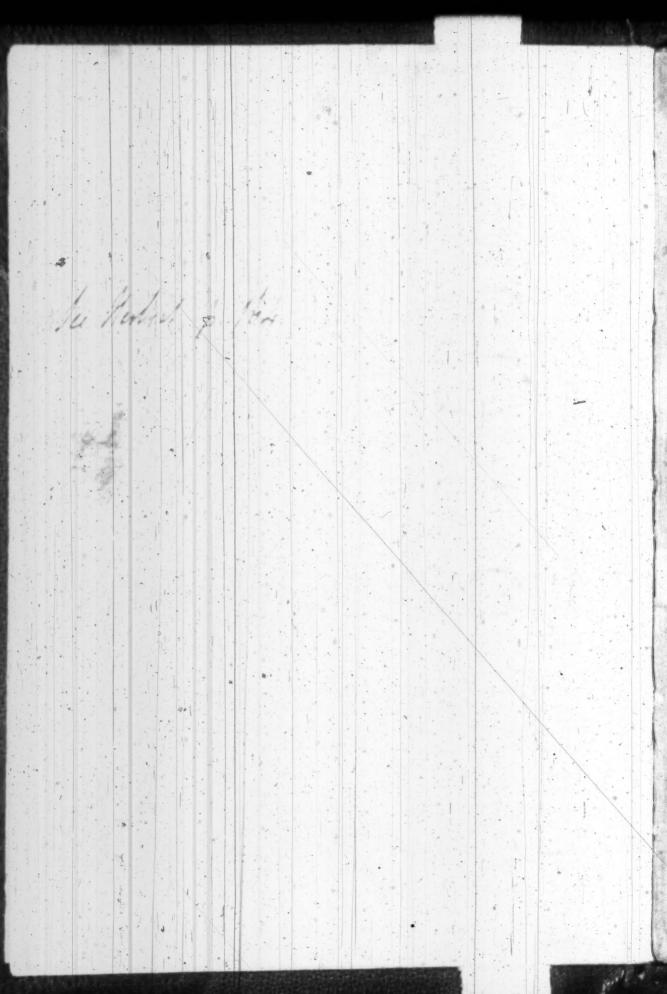
bs tych, poze was he than senes and humplytte

Duct natus est hodie.

Lullyng her babe her blessed son dere

lpsful mapde y bare y byzthe sonthat we may hymse

To eucry man that is busynde what halde I man bo for the more Than inplyfe to be but wonde Thou arte the fayzest creature to funde for Tthe made loke buto me And gave the reason, wet and invide Quid pitra. ac. 13 loue the man about all thinge A well be borne for the therfore Bycaule A wolde to blys the brunge what Mulde I man do for the more 23v Adams spnthou was forlore Guermoze pumpliched for to be But for tho mos Toought the for Quo vitra es Abohandes crosse be s To peloe the met, thou wplt con. Mercy to aske be nat adjed Forpethou wolt I wyll the saue whathou art dead and land in graue And all the frendes from the flee petthe foule well I have Quid vitra. 3c.



Chasta ta

rolles newely Imprinted.



Tacaroll of the byzth of Chaple

Come to Bethleem and pe shal se Puer natus est hobte.

Woman a mayo in thought a deede a fapzet with even myght no man see with her with paps her babe did fede Duer natus est hodie.

The cliploes name is called Jesus

Gabzpel sayde it Chulde so be

Jope we togother and spng we thus

Comake bs tych, poze was he than

Doutles he is bothe god and man

Puernatus est hodie.

Expages a pipaces of this dpd here Cogyther they came a mayben to fee Lullyng her babe her blessed fon dere patus est hodie.

oulpsful mapde g bare g byzthe by sonthat we may hom se

To etterp man that is bukpnde what hulde I man bo for the more Than my lyfe to be but bynde Thou arre the fayrest creature to fynde for I the made lyke buto me And gave the reason, wpt and mynde Duid bltra. 3c.

I Joue the man about all thinge I well be borne for the therfore Because I wolde to blys the bryinge what shulde I man do for the more By Adams son thou was forlore Guermore pumps theo for to be But for the man I bought the sor

Duid vitta

Dy app hander cross be forced

To pelve the ment, of thou walt coan

percy to alke be not adjed

for pethou walt I wall the fatte

what thou art dead and land in grace

Ind all the frendes from the flee

Pethop foule wall I have

Duid vitta. 3c.

Blowe pwide fiel a blownat so special at well a blowe paine to suffre is my fathers wil.

Tynfull man thou art bukpude of nous of the maker haue in moe thou huld kepe a haue in moe the bough. To faue the from the paynes of hell that in the fende hulde nat dwell. Pepther rather to go.

This paper to luffre.

To a piller bo both fore a hand he fil al mp senem prode dyd brast they coude stand and as they were out they dyd them rest and arose agapne and frozged me so blowethe wonde styll.

This payme to suffre.

Tyoha they me scozged charpe a sure

They crowned me with a thome A rede in my hande for a septure And there they kneled me beforme They sappe to me al hayle my kynge for so was alway they? sayenge And mocked me so

Blowe the wynde figil: This papie to suffre.

To Caluery where my deth was dight of mother followed with rufull longe werng my travel the fel downe ryght. To le me in luch payne I brought for the lyn man & thou halt wrought she was full wo.

Blowe the wende ApH. This papies to fuffce.

On the crosse they splayed me than and all my body they drewe in brede Tyl sleshe and blod thorow & skyn ran My hades a fece with holes opd blede They went me fro with one assent And made a knyght my herte to rent

Thus paped they me tho Blowe the wonde styl This paper to suffre.

They gave me orpnke g was not fone the which was extell morte with gail They gave it me in stede of wone and a sal Than went away my spirite to hell To fetche the soules g there dyd dwel. Indianal.

Blowe the wonde styll This payne to suffre.

Ofinis.

Therewell aduent a have good dape the three come, nowe go the way.

Thou halt no love of no beggere thou makelt be fast with euplichere with farewell advent.
Thou takest on § more that Bart Hent Theu dwellest so long that Bart Hent

Taoban allelupa is a lofte 3 go gap and lpt lofte And than I am mety ofte As any byzde on brete 2 200 han laus tibi coineth to towne Than me behoueth to knele downe and ever to be in oxisowne Asit were a frete. & Soone at Calter cometh allelupa with butter chefe and a tanfap It is nothringe to my pay That he tarpeth away so longe of Myght I byde there thursday Laustibishall go away od I have wepte that I map Though he never come bs amonge T. finis. of In the honour of Chaiftes byath Sping we al with tope and inputhe. 12 this tyme of Chapitmas Bytwyrte an ore and an affe A mayben delpuered was Of Chaift her dere son dere

The hulbande of Abace Joseph stoode her by and larde he was ready Colerucher if nede were. Tooben the her deare sonne se he let him on her kne and long proper to me. Eum balle the mother beare Londer lap Gehim lavde and with her pappe he playoe lad ever lang the map be Come balle the mother bere. with leppes colleng his mouth offe the opd brile nd fard (weete beet men a pray you make good ther Tothis chyloclet be pray That beine was on this day Of Mary the apploeman Co graunt by all good chere! E finis.

